

## SELECTIONS

HE BLEW IN TWO MILLIONS.

Young Mr. Roberts' Inheritance Went at the Rate of a Million a Year.

Early in the spring of 1888 there was a fashionable wedding in Washington. The contracting parties were Mr. Alexander H. Roberts, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mary Mott, of this city. Neither of the parties was of age at the time, and much comment was made in regard to the wedding. It was known, however, that the groom would come in possession of a large estate, and everybody thought Miss Mott was making a lucky catch. It was a case of love at first sight, and a marriage would have followed at a month's notice but for the fact that Mr. Roberts was not in financial condition to undertake the maintenance of a household. At the time Miss Mott was a singer in the choir of a well known church here.

Shortly after the wedding, and when Roberts became of age, he came into possession of \$2,000,000. This money had been amassed by his father through lucky oil speculations in Pennsylvania. On the strength of this money Mr. and Mrs. Roberts indulged in a European trip, and upon their return spent several months at a fashionable hotel in this city. Later they took up their residence in Philadelphia, where they lived in style. Roberts had a trotting stable, a steam yacht, a pack of hounds, and suddenly developed sporting proclivities. He seemed to take a special liking to prize fighters, and went so far as to take them to his own home. He would entertain them in royal shape.

On one evening there was an eleven round fight in the parlor, and the facts at the time were wired all over the country. On this occasion much of the valuable furniture was demolished, and Alexander Roberts, in a bout with an outsider, received injuries which confined him to his room for some time. The innocent young wife naturally took exception to the manner in which she was being exposed in public, regardless of the fact that her every desire, from a pecuniary point of view, was granted. She protested, and within a year they had separated.

Roberts has proved his ability as a spendthrift, for within the short period of two years he has almost completely exhausted his large fortune. He left Philadelphia, went west and located in Denver, Colo. Mrs. Roberts filed a bill in the Denver court for divorce. She alleges that it has become impossible for her to live with him, and that the most of her husband's money is gone, and unless restrained he will very soon make way with all of it.—Washington Critic.

### A Child's Advice on Mosquito Bites.

The mosquito drive in New Jersey is nearly exhausted for the year, and the annual importation of quips concerning the merry little insects is running low in the newspaper markets. There remains one to be published, however. The following story is a peculiarly funny mosquito story by reason of its truth. Two little Jersey tots compared the number of mosquito bites upon their respective bodies as they lay in their cots over beyond the meadows one night recently. "How many bites have you got, Tootsie?" said one.

"Thirteen," came promptly the answer; and then, "How many have you got to scratch?"

"I've got fourteen," was the sobbing reply.

Then came the tiny comforter with the following advice: "Don't scratch your bites, dearie, because all the more you don't scratch them all the worse they don't hurt."—New York Tribune.

### What the Editors Left.

The South Dakota Editorial association took a trip to the Black Hills recently, and while there a banquet was tendered the newspaper men by the citizens of Deadwood. When they reached the desert stage the boys judiciously selected all the ripe fruit, leaving the green stuff untouched. A bell boy—an orphan of tender age—slipped into the dining room as they filed out, and after filling up on the unripe fruit was seized with pangs of remorse and died before the editors could get out of town. Suitable resolutions of regret were introduced by the proper committee in returning thanks to their entertainers, and as one of their number wrote a week later: "This sad event cast a gloom over the entire party, and very nearly spoiled our appetites during the remainder of the trip."—Chicago Herald.

### Pens for Practical Jokers.

A device displayed by the ubiquitous street fakirs is a combination fountain pen and pencil. They sell for ten cents and go off like hot cakes from the Battery to Harlem. Buyers of these cheap fountain pens soon discover that they are not as satisfactory as the sellers said. The pens leak from the point and joints, and the writers' hands in a moment become fearfully drenched. Most of the buyers pocket their ink fingers and wait for a job in the general laundry crowd gives to the next buyer. A fakir sold forty of these tricky pens in less than an hour on Park row, and not a single man was warned by the bystanders. The crowd roared when a woman bought one, dabbed her fingers, threw it away and walked on.—New York Herald.

### A Dime Novel Victim.

It was developed at the hearing in Chicago of a lad of only 11, arrested for theft, that he belonged in Arkansas, and had run away from home and traveled all through Mexico, Lower California and the greater part of this country. His little brain has evidently been set afire by sensational literature, for when brought into court a big revolver was peeping out of his hip pocket. When arrested he was boarding a freight train for the west.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Fireproof.

"I thought that building was fireproof," remarked Burns, as he looked at the ruins.

"Well, it's pretty good proof of a fire just now anyhow," returned Underwright.—Puck.

### Reasonable.

"He shouldn't say shoulder arms to those cavalry men."

"Why not?"

"They have nothing but swords. He ought to say shoulder blades."—New York Sun.

## CHRISTMAS IN PERU.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL IN A SUMMER-LIKE SETTING.

It comes in the height of the outdoor bathing season and is celebrated amid blooming wild flowers—a solemn religious holiday.

As the season consecrated by all Christian peoples of whatever race or clime, draws near, how few of us realize how differently it is observed according to the position of the observer on this globe of ours. The small nations in the immediacy of the universe! The northern nations of Europe welcome it with good cheer and so-called gatherings, the dwellers on English soil with yule log and mistletoe, our own people with wreaths of evergreen and holly, and among all these there lingers the fragrance of the ancient traditions of good old St. Nicholas, the children's friend, with team of reindeer and burden of toys, which the legends tell were meant for distribution among the good little children.

But this is talk too serious for Christmas tide. How do our neighbors of warmer climes keep the festival? For them Santa Claus and his outfit would be a mystery too deep to be penetrated. The only snow they have ever seen lies miles away on the slopes of their volcanoes. They have never heard the merry jingle of the sleigh bell or the keen ring of the skates on a frosty morning, while a snow storm would astonish them as much as we should be amazed by the importation of one of their earth quakes.

Let us take a peep at Peru, our lovely southern sister. Blessed with a climate almost perfect, where the heliotrope grows wild on the hillside and flowers bloom all the year round, there is no more gentle, kindly, hospitable people on earth. Lima, the capital, is renowned for the beauty and grace of its ladies, and the children are like animated Christmas cards. There is no jealousy of the foreigner. He is welcomed, entertained and treated kindly and fairly by the government and the people. Life in Peru is of a quieter, gentler character than as we know it in the hurry and rush of our business eagerness, and one who has lived among them and learned to appreciate their lovely qualities will often send back a grateful glance of retrospection.

As travelers oft look back at eve, when eastward daily going, To gaze upon the light they leave still faint behind them glowing.

Among the Anglo-Saxon dwellers in Peru Santa Claus is not forgotten, and the approach of Christmas is looked forward to with eager expectation in many a childish heart. The faded shoe of the ancient dame with her numerous progeny, the glass slipper of Cinderella, and the trials and triumphs of the Sleeping Beauty, are as familiar to them as to our own little ones. Perhaps some who may read these lines may remember a dozen years ago to have seen the parlor of one of the leading foreign families in Lima filled with a delighted audience to witness the debut of the daughter of the house as Cinderella, the beautiful child bearing herself with as perfect self-possession as the bride of the prince as she afterward showed when, at the drawing room of her majesty, in London, she bowed before the queen, herself the fairest among them all.

But Peru lies a few degrees south of the equator, and while the American boy is burning his skates or putting his sled in order, his Peruvian brother is hastening to the seashore, and the summer bathing season is at its height. Christmas gifts are not so plentiful, the shops not so crowded with puzzled customers, nor their windows so filled with dazzling novelties as with us; but a beautiful custom obtains there, as throughout all South American countries. As the season rolls on apace and the sacred anniversary draws nigh, one of the largest rooms is set apart, and a stage improvised, on which is built up, in varying degrees of detail, according to the ability of the family, a representation of the scene at Bethlehem, with all its surroundings faithfully shown. In the distance are the shepherds watching their flocks—the wise men of the east in royal robes, bringing gifts from afar, and in the foreground the humble manger, with the holy family grouped around the cradle, while the star of Bethlehem shines brightly in the sky above. Gold, silver and jewels are lavished on the decoration of the scene, days are devoted to perfecting its minutest detail, and on Christmas eve, and for days thereafter, friends and visitors are admitted to gaze and admire.

At the Christmas season in Lima—coming as it does at midsummer—the skies are cloudless and the air is tempered by the breeze from the Pacific, which rolls placidly along the shores of Peru. As the brief twilight of the tropics fades, the jeweled crests of the southern hemisphere rise in the sky, the avenues of the plaza begin to fill, bright eyes flash brief glances of recognition, friends exchange pleasant greetings as they meet, the well trained bands of the garrison play softly in the summer air, until at last the sweet voiced bell of the cathedral tolls the "Agnus." There is a momentary hush, a whispered prayer for the souls of loved ones gone before, the crowd begins to melt silently away, and as the moon rises soft and full over the distant peaks of the Andes we turn from the scene, bearing with us a pleasant memory of a Christmas in Peru.—Ex-Mayor Grace in Troy Times.

### The Most Unkindest Cut of All.

Algeron—What makes me wawitch so fawst?

Jeweler—Probably the company it keeps.—Jeweler's Weekly.

### Wedding Gifts.

Bride (disconsolately)—Dear, they've given us nothing but nine pitchers. What do they take us for?

Groom—It looks as if we have been mistaken for a baseball club.—Jeweler's Weekly.

### Needed It for Appearance Sake.

Little Bessie had received a birthday present of a fine blue parasol. She carried it over her head all through the house, brought it to the table with her when she ate, and insisted on taking it along when she went to bed. Her mother demurred at this.

"You don't need it while you are asleep, Bessie," said the maternal parent.

"Yes, I do, mamma," she answered. "If I should die and go to heaven I'd want my parasol."

"You wouldn't have any use of a parasol there, my child."

"Yes, I would, mamma. If God should ask me to go out walking with him I'd be in a pretty fix about a parasol, wouldn't I? He'd think I was from the country."—Chicago Tribune.

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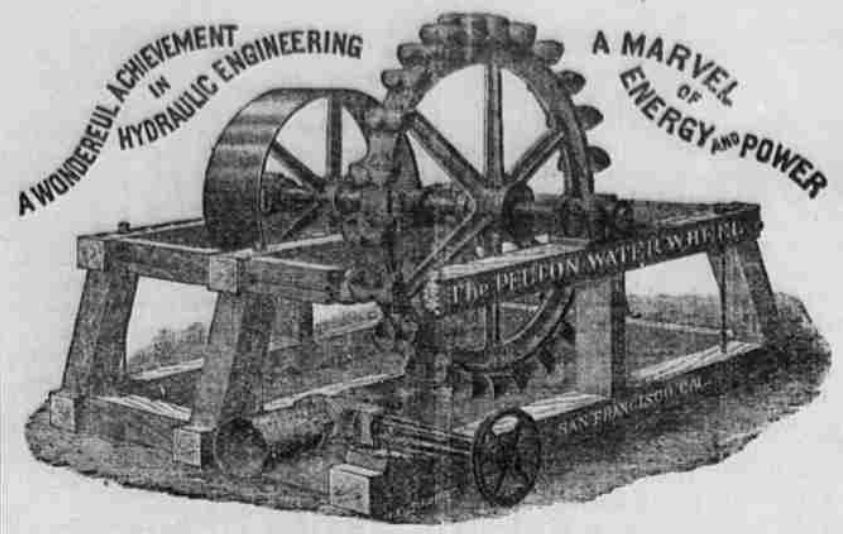
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